This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

THE
CAPTIVE
SET FREE

600089048Z

1483 f. 126

THE CAPTIVE SET FREE

AN ALLEGORY.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN MASON,
2, CASTLE-STREET, FINSBURY;
SOLD AT 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1863.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.—THE PRISONER IN THE VALLEY . . 9

CHAPTER II.

AWAKENINGS 20

CHAPTER III.

SORROWS 29

CHAPTER IV.

THE DESERT 38

CHAPTER V.

SELF-HELP 50

CHAPTER VI.

THE WOOD 61

CHAPTER VII.

LIGHT 71

CHAPTER VIII.

DELIVERANCE 79

CONCLUSION 92

ANALYSIS.

CHAPTER I.

The Valley.—Man's natural state. *Helon.*—A sinner. He is guilty—polluted—spiritually blind—unhappy—and at enmity with God.

CHAPTER II.

Awakenings.—Uneasiness—sense of want—yearnings for relief—reflection.

CHAPTER III.

Sorrows.—Repentance. Grief felt—remorse—conscience accusing—darkness of soul—fears of punishment—resolve.

CHAPTER IV.

Earthly-ease.—Relief sought in the world. A fair prospect—the soul unsatisfied—dangers—vain chase after happiness—brought back to its old state.

CHAPTER V.

Self-help.—Salvation by works—hope of success—increasing difficulty as the effort is made—falls back into a state of guilt and misery. Despair after this.

CHAPTER VI.

The Wood.—Mortifying the flesh—a painful way. Small advancement—soul following a delusive light, is taken back to its first unhappiness.

CHAPTER VII.

Light.—Soul hopeless now of helping itself. The Spirit's light—sees by it the folly of seeking rest by works, in the world, or by self-mortification. Sees greatness of deserved punishment. Has a glance at the way of salvation through the Atonement.

CHAPTER VIII.

Deliverance.—The plan of salvation now clearly seen. Hope—tries to believe. Difficulty from his sinfulness and unbelief. Falls into darkness. Christ comes to his help—asks faith as a condition. Mistrust. At length the soul believes, and sees Jesus—loves Him—ashamed of past sin—is pardoned—cleansed—made free—receives a hope, a title to heaven, and directions for the journey. Sets off, rejoicing as he goes.

PREFACE.

THIS little book is written for young people,—for the young people in Sabbath-schools. It is an attempt at allegory. This has ever been a favourite method of instruction; generally pleasing, sometimes singularly useful. Whether or not this attempt has been successful, the reader will judge. If the perusal should give an hour's pleasure, mingled with instruction, the writer will not have used his pen in vain. But should the reading lead any to seek rest in Jesus, or give them light on the way, he will thankfully rejoice, giving all praise to God.

I. E. P.

Kingston.

THE CAPTIVE SET FREE:

AN ALLEGORY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.—THE PRISONER IN THE VALLEY.

In a pleasant village in one of the western counties of England, there once lived an old and venerable man. He was a stranger in the village, and lived, with an old black servant, in a secluded cottage by the brook-side. The manners and dress of this old man were strangely different from those of the people among whom he lived. His speech, too, was unlike the language of the villagers; and, when he opened his mouth, his clear voice rang with an accent seldom heard in those parts. None could tell who had been his parents, or in what

land he had been born. But everybody thought him a good man; for he was ever ready to help the poor in their distress, or to whisper in the ear of the afflicted words of comfort and peace. He usually went by the name of *the old stranger*. Yet not altogether truthfully could he thus be called. He had dwelt in that cottage by the brook-side for years; and it was only the most aged people—the fathers of the village—who could remember his first coming among them. The wavy hair which streamed over his shoulders was white with the snow of many winters. His face was ever grave; yet in it there was a kindliness which drove fear away, and even the young children of the village were not afraid of him. They rather loved to meet him in his walks, and were glad to catch the kindly smile which sat on his lips, and hear the pleasant words he was always ready to speak.

The sun was setting behind the hills which overhung the hamlet, one bright evening in summer, and a group of village-children were playing about the margin of the brook. The light restraint of the dame-school was

now thrown off, and, plucking the wild flowers, or chasing the spangled butterfly, they shouted in the fulness of glee. While thus employed, they saw in the distance the well-known form of the stranger. He was coming towards them, and, leaving their play, they began to consider how they might get him to tell them a story. Some were afraid to ask him: others of them believed he would do it at once. The old man came on slowly, beating the grass with his cane, and now and then stooping to pluck a flower, or watch the motions of some insect which crossed his path. As he came near, the children gave him their best bows, and received in return a kind salute. This done, one of the children stepped forward, and, in the name of the rest, asked him if he would treat them to a story. "Would he tell them one of his wonderful tales? Would he tell them of the strange sights he had seen in his travels? Or, better still, would he tell them something of his own history, whence he came, and what had brought him to their village?" The old man smiled as he looked on their eager faces, and readily consented.

"And it shall be," he said, "at once wonderful to hear, and one that will do you good." So, leading them to where a mossy bank offered an inviting seat, he sat down, and, as they stood around, with eyes and ears attentive, he began.

Far among the mountains of Mundi lies a dark and dreary valley. It is a strange and lonesome place. On the eastern side of it is a vast wilderness, stretching, like an ocean of sand, for miles. The plain to the west is covered with gloomy woods; and on the north and south huge mountains rear their rocky heads to heaven, and stand, like grim sentinels, guarding the valley between them. The climate is inhospitable. The clouds which rest on the mountain-tops are charged with storms, and, ever and anon, they pour their contents into the valley, dealing destruction in their fall. Wild tempests, too, often and suddenly arise, and whirl through the whole length of it, tearing up the trees, and rolling before them clouds of sand from the desert. In winter the blasts are cold and piercing, while in summer the

sun pours down scorching rays, withering the grass, and destroying the vegetation. No flowers bloom there; and if, at any time, a stray bud peeps above the soil, before it can open it droops, and dies away. Nettles and brambles, with every kind of weed, grow in abundance; but not without great labour will the barren ground bring forth what gives food to man. Seldom is the music of birds heard in this desolate place, and its whole appearance is drear and inhospitable. It is like that place of which the Prophet wrote of old: "The cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it." There "the wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest."

In this valley the habitation of Helon was fixed. He had dwelt there for years; and his work had been to cultivate patches of the barren soil, earning the bread of sorrow by the sweat of his brow. The story I am about to tell you is of the sorrows of Helon

in this horrible place, and the means by which he was delivered. But you will wish first to know who he was, and why he pined in that lonesome place. I will tell you.

Helon was a criminal. For his offences he had been condemned, and banished to this place of horrors. His crimes had been great. He might have lived in happiness; for his King was a mild and righteous prince. He well knew the laws under which he was placed. The rewards of obedience had been shown him, as well as the penalties of transgression. He knew all this. He acknowledged that the law was just, yet he broke it. He refused to obey its voice, and thus brought upon his head the anger of his Prince. In this we have the chief cause of his woes. His crimes, though committed in secret, were soon discovered, and brought him speedily to ruin. And here he lived, bound with a great chain, the weight of which galled and wearied his limbs. Hardly knowing the full bitterness of his cup, he pined in misery.

But Helon's condition was more deplorable still. He was afflicted with a cruel and

loathsome disease. Like a foul leprosy, it ran in his veins, poisoning his blood, and filling him with pain; so that it was a misery for him to live. He could not rest, even for an hour. O, how great and constant were the pains he endured! But there was no prospect of relief. The incurable malady was deeply rooted in his system, and he knew full well that in the end it must destroy him. If he sat down to eat his scanty meal, his pain was there. If, after his labour, he sought repose, it prevented his rest. If at his work, tilling the sandy ground, it still distressed him; and all the long day, from morn till latest evening, it filled his bones with anguish, and made his life a burden.

Yet this was not all. His sorrows were increased by blindness. Not that he was altogether dark, but a film covered his eyes, through which it was difficult for the light to pass. He lived, in consequence, in a perpetual twilight. The rising sun brought him little change from the darkness of night; and even when it rode overhead, scorching him with its heat, he could scarcely see to

perform his daily task. This blindness caused constant distress to Helon. If danger was near, he could not see it. If a serpent lay in his path, he was powerless to avoid it. If a storm was gathering overhead, he knew it not, till, perhaps, suddenly he heard the crash of the angry thunder, and the pitiless hurricane broke with violence upon his head.

I need not tell you, continued the old man, that Helon was unhappy. His life was all misery. It was misery in the morning, misery all day, and misery at night. A horror of darkness overhung him. His cup was filled with wormwood. There was no glimmer of hope. There was no escaping the misery he felt. He would sometimes wander among the forest-trees, but he stumbled and fell; the briers tore his flesh. He would roam round the plot of ground which provided him with food: he would work with might and main; but his wounds pained him, and he was unhappy still. It might be the thought of his crimes; it might be conscience lashing him with her accusations; it might be the disease of his body, or the chain with which he was bound;

it might be the desolation amid which he was doomed to dwell: but, whatever was the cause, Helon was miserable, completely and continually miserable.

But, with all this, Helon was a rebel still. He harboured hard thoughts against the King, and still hated his authority. With feelings of rebellion and despair, he was obstinate in his misery, and stood defying the wrath of the Prince.. He might have been heard muttering as he tilled the ground, "Yes, let him do his worst: I can but perish. Let my pains increase: they can but kill me. Let the ground be barren as it will: I will make it yield, or will starve. Let the storms beat over me: I will defy or endure them. Let my heart be pained till it burst: I will suffer all. Dark and unhappy as is my lot, I will not yield to weakness. Bearing my misery while I have breath, I will fall battling its rage, and at last perish!"

Such was the miserable plight in which Helon lived. Guilty and diseased, with blindness dimming his eyes, and misery cankering his heart, he felt the fury of a rebel against the King he had offended, and

all the hate of a criminal against the law that condemned him. His life was a living death.

Here the old man paused; and, pointing to the setting sun, told his hearers it was time to separate. "And on the morrow," said he, "if you will meet me where we met before, I will tell you more about Helon."

[The old man's story, reader, is a real history. By this valley he pictures the state in which a soul lives before it finds rest in God. Helon is the type of many sinners. His state is that of every man by nature. He is "guilty before God;" (Rom. iii. 19;) guilty of breaking the laws of his Sovereign. He is polluted also, diseased by sin. This was the leprosy which took away his strength. As said the Prophet, "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores." (Isai. i. 6.) He is also blind; spiritually blind. Of such a one St. Paul says, he "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are

foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. ii. 14.) On these accounts, the soul is unhappy. Where there is sin, there must be misery. God Himself has said, "There is no peace to the wicked." (Isai. lvii. 21.) Yet, with all this, the soul in its first state is at enmity against God. It stands in open rebellion, boldly asking, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice?" (Exod. v. 2.) It is also fettered; chained with evil habits, from which it cannot break away. One of old felt this chain when he said, "I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom. vii. 23, 24.)]

CHAPTER II.

AWAKENINGS.

THE morrow came, and, long before the time, the children were on the spot. The old man was soon in the midst of them. He planted his staff in the ground, and at once began.

Children, said he, on the past evening I told you of the miserable state of Helon in the lonely valley. To-night I must tell you of a change that took place in him ere he made his escape. You will remember how, in spite of his misery, he was rebellious, and defied every trouble to soften him. He continued for years treasuring up hard thoughts and revengeful feelings. But a change came over him. To his surprise, he found his sight returning. This affected him greatly. Could any people have seen him at his work, they would have observed that he had become strangely restless. Sometimes

he would cast himself upon the ground, as though tired of life. At other times, while digging the barren soil, he would throw aside his spade, and stand swallowed up in thought. The next moment, taking up his tool, he would dig with more earnestness than ever. Then, suddenly leaving his work, he would walk with hasty steps to the forest, as though ready to bury himself in its thick shades. And often his sleep was broken. The pain of his wounds was not the only cause of disquiet. His restlessness came from within. The look of wild defiance, which used to sit upon his countenance, gave place to one more subdued. A restless feeling all day harassed him. This Helon afterwards called his *awakings;* for, before, he had been like a man asleep. It was like the troubled movement seen on the face of one just awaking. He was coming to himself. This uneasiness continued several days, and was followed by such a sense of misery as he had never felt before. He found his sight becoming clearer, but other troubles meanwhile increased upon him. His disease grew more painful every day.

The clouds which hung over the mountain-top frowned more fearfully than ever; and the tempests seemed fiercer, and the sandy ground worse to till, than ever. And thus, though his sight was returning, his misery increased. O, how these woes devoured his peace! How bitter was the cup of which he had every day to drink! And how dark—how sadly dark—the prospect before him! As one who has fallen from some high cliff, after lying insensible for hours, wakes to find himself in a strange place, shut up in darkness, with a battered body,—so felt Helon, as he thought of his miserable plight, and looked round on the horrible place in which he was spending his days. At the same time he began to yearn for relief; he began to long for a way of escape. This was a new feeling; for in the depth of his wretchedness he had not dared to indulge any such hope. But now the thought filled him. He would sit at the door of his cottage, and gaze for hours into the deep sky above, wishing that he had wings to fly away. And often, standing at the foot of one of the lofty hills, he would look up, and say, "O, could I scale

that mountain-side, and stand on yonder point, my eyes would surely behold a better land beyond; but this chain "—and he would look down at the fetter which bound him, and turn away in despair. It was on an occasion like this that he sat one day in the door of his hut, and questioned himself thus,—

"What am I?"

"A wretched, condemned criminal."

"For what am I condemned?"

"For breaking the laws of my King."

"And what means this chain?"

"It is a part of my punishment."

"What is my state now?"

"I am wretched—wretched all the day long."

"Why am I wretched?"

"Because of the pain of my wounds, the heaviness of my chain, and the horrible place in which I live."

"But why am I here?"

"For my crimes."

"Is there no way of escape?"

"No. Those mountains are too high to be climbed; the wood is too vast, and too full of wild beasts, for me ever to pass it;

and the desert would become my burying-place, did I venture among its sands."

"What, then, shall I do?"

"Alas! I cannot tell."

"Is there none to help me?"

"I know not any."

"What, after all, is the prospect before me?"

"All darkness and misery."

"Is there no hope?"

"Alas, none. If I stay here, I perish. If I try to escape, I destroy myself. Wretch that I am, what can I do? Who, who shall deliver me?"

Thus his misery grew stronger and stronger, because there was no hope of escape. He had trouble without measure. Every hour brought fresh sorrow. His work was neglected. He spent whole days in bemoaning his woes, and wishing that some one would come to his rescue. But none came. The storms beat over him as furiously as ever. By day and night the pain of his wounds increased, while the galling chain he carried ate into his flesh.

About this time Helon had a dream. He

lay one night upon his bed, and, falling asleep, thought himself standing at the foot of one of the mountains which bounded the valley. As he stood there, he saw, to his glad surprise, a road leading up the mountain-side, and winding round to its very top. He looked at it for a moment, and then began to climb. The way was long, the hill steep, and he was weak: yet hope strengthened him, and, after hours of climbing, he stood on the summit. Standing with his back to the place he had left, he saw beneath him a land of plenty. The sun was shining on a beautiful plain, where herds of cattle were feeding. Houses stood among the trees, and on the plain were shepherds tending their flocks. A clear river ran among the fields. Surely, thought Helon, as he looked on the scene below him, this is the very dwelling-place of happiness; this must be the land of joy. He stood not long gazing thus; but, taking a last look at the abode of his misery, he began to descend. The air seemed different from that he had breathed in the valley; and, nerved by the bracing breeze, he felt himself a new man.

As he descended, the road became easier to travel, and in a while he felt himself able to run, yea, and to dance for very joy. Looking down at the chain which dragged behind him, he saw with wonder that it was broken. He sat on the grass, took the fetter in both hands, and with one effort snapped it in several pieces. He cast the fragments from him, and, almost mad with delight, ran on to drink of the stream. He laid himself on the bank, and, leaning over, took one deep and hearty draught. He had never before tasted water so refreshing. As he rose from the turf, O glad sight that met his eyes! he saw all his wounds healed. He felt his blood once more course healthily through his veins. He was cured! Yes, with the draught of the life-giving water, the last trace of his disease had disappeared. Happy Helon! He had escaped from his prison-valley; he had lost his chain, and his tormenting malady was gone. He sat by the stream to muse awhile; for he felt so wildly happy. Raising his eyes to look at the way by which he came, he saw in the distance One approaching. The Person who

came toward him was majestic in appearance, and trod the earth like a prince. As He drew near where Helon sat, He paused, and called him by name. The voice was kind and tender, and Helon started to his feet, and ran to bow before Him. But just then he felt a sharp pain, and—awoke. The first sounds he heard were the clanking of his fetter, and the wild roar of a storm which just then was beating over his dwelling. It was only a dream, and Helon rose from his couch more unhappy than ever.

"Poor man!" cried the children. "What a sad disappointment for him, to wake up from such a dream of joy, and find himself still miserable!"

The old man said no more, as rain was coming on, and the rumbling of thunder was heard in the distance. But his hearers would not separate till he had promised on the next evening to tell them more.

[This was the man's awakening. Did he begin to be restless? That was the work of the Holy Ghost, making him feel his

wretchedness. That was the beginning of conviction of sin. The soul's eyes were opened, and it began to see. Fears arose. God had spoken, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." (Eph. v. 14.) And that voice woke up the soul from its sleep. Now came yearnings—deep yearnings—for mercy. The cry was,—"Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." (Psalm cxvi. 7.) Then came reflection, when the soul thought on its past ways, its state, and prospects. Reflection is the soul's after-thinking. "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies." (Psalm cxix. 59.)]

CHAPTER III.

SORROWS.

THE children were again too early, and had some time to wait before the old man came.

"What an awful place!" said one, as they stood waiting. "Surely he would not live long in that valley."

"He must have died there, and left his body for the wild beasts to eat," said another.

"I think he climbed over the mountain, and reached the beautiful land that he saw in his dream," said a third.

Others were speaking, when one of them caught sight of the old man, walking toward them. They all ran to meet him, and led him to the place. He spread his handkerchief upon the bank, and, sitting down, proceeded with his story.

When the storm disturbed us last evening, said he, I was telling you how Helon had

become restless, and full of anxiety about his condition. I told you of his reflections, and of the dream he had. And, when we separated, I was about telling you of his sorrow. Yes, he *was* now sorrowful. The rebellion of his heart passed away, and, looking upon his past ways, he began to grieve. He might have been seen pacing to and fro before his hut, wringing his hands, and bemoaning his sins. Great sobs would heave his breast, and tears in floods roll down his cheeks. He thought not now so much of the hardness of his lot, as of the crimes that had brought it upon him. He thought of the King upon whose commands he had trampled. He thought how wilfully he had offended; and, as these things passed before him, his offences seemed blacker than ever. "O, wretch that I am," he cried, "thus to have offended a Prince so kind, and to have broken laws so good!" He spent whole days in trying to number his offences, and wearied himself with weeping because of their guilt.

To add to his misery, about this time there came a strange bird into the valley. It had its nest somewhere on the hill-side, or among

the trees of the wood. It visited him every day, and, perching itself on the roof of his dwelling, or whirling overhead while he was at his work, it uttered a most dismal cry, which, to Helon's ears, sounded exactly like, "*Your crimes! your crimes!*" He heard it every hour. In the early morning, when his waking eyes were hardly opened, he heard the wail from the roof above, "*Your crimes! your crimes!*" The sound rang in his ears as he ate his meals; and whether he rested at home, or toiled in the field, that same wild scream greeted him, "*Your crimes! your crimes!*" And though, when darkness came into the valley, the creature went away, yet, as it stretched its wings for the forest, it would utter the same note,—its farewell for the night,—"*Your crimes! your crimes!*" Thus more and more was Helon tormented. O, how bitter the remorse he felt because of his sins! "Fool that I have been," he kept saying to himself, "thus madly to break the laws of my King. Fool that I have been, thus to destroy myself." His lamentations were ever mixed with bitter self-reproaches. Everything served

to remind him of his folly. If he looked at himself, he saw the tokens of his disease, and was forced to remember, "I have brought all this upon myself." If he looked down at the chain he dragged behind, he was stung with the thought, "My own crimes riveted it there." If his hands were sore with overmuch labour, or the food he ate scanty and bad; if a storm beat over his head as he laboured in the field, or if the roar of some wild beast filled him with horror; he was sure to cry, as he ran for shelter or safety to his cottage,—"All this have I procured for myself!" This was the bitter of bitters. Had some proud tyrant banished him to this horrible place, or had his punishment been for the fault of others, he felt he could have endured it. But to think that his own crimes had done it,—to know that he might have been happy,—to feel that none of these woes could have touched him, but for his own madness,—this gave him the keenest pang, and was the sharpest thorn of the many that pierced him.

About this time, a sudden darkness filled the valley. A cloud rolled from the mountain, and covered the whole space with

gloom. It was as though the sun had been put out. Helon retired that night, as usual, to rest; but on waking found darkness around him. His first thought was, that he had awoke too early; but, after waiting long, he rose, and went to his cottage-door. He could feel by the warmth that the sun was up, yet it was not light. A murky gloom, with just glimmering enough to make it felt, hung over all. Helon stood awhile, musing on this new calamity. He remembered the miseries of his half-blind state, and trembled for fear. Just then he heard his old tormentor—the bird of evil omen—crying mournfully in the darkness above, "*Your crimes! your crimes!*" He turned into his house again, and roared in the bitterness of despair. Poor Helon! his cup of sorrow was fuller than ever. How could he endure to live in darkness? How could he toil for bread without light? He felt hopeless despair, like an armed man, seize him; and, distressed, he fell on the floor, and sobbed, "It is more than I can bear. Let me die. Let me perish, as the bird I saw yesterday struck down by the tempest."

Worst of all, a horror of fear came upon him. He began to tremble in dread of something, but of what he could not tell. Fears hung over him. One moment he thought that his dwelling was about to fall and crush him, and in horror he ran into the field. But there his fears increased. A load seemed suspended in the atmosphere, just ready to fall upon him. He heard the roar of ravenous beasts close at his side, and, starting for fear, was stopped by the hiss of serpents that lurked in the darkness beyond. He heard strange voices muttering at his side, and saw forms of terror flitting above his head. The very earth appeared insecure; he could feel it tremble beneath his feet, and his eyes rolled in horror as he looked for it to open and swallow him up. He heard loud thunder rolling overhead, and shook with fear lest some falling bolt should smite him.

He well nigh sank beneath this woe. How could he endure it? Surely in a short time he must die. In this state he lived several days; and they were days of trembling. He bent low to let the storm pass

over; hardly caring whether or not it buried him. But soon another change came. He was lying on his face one morning, groaning in despair, when a new thought struck him. *He would try to escape!* He never had made the attempt; he would now. He started from the ground, and said to himself, "Yes; I will find a way of escape from this horrible place, or die." Why had he not thought of this before? How much better even to die, than to remain and miserably perish! Long and carefully he mused upon the matter, and weighed the probabilities of success. The prospect seemed truly dark. If he attempted the mountain, it appeared impossible for him to climb those rugged sides. If he looked at the wood, the tall trees stretched away for miles, interspersed with tangled brushwood. Then the desert,—that seemed a more possible way. But what a prospect! Sand, dry, shifting sand: no trees, no shelter, no water. Then he looked at his chain. It was impossible to rid himself of that. And his body, wasted and bleeding,—how could it endure the hardship? And this darkness,—

how could he find a path without light? It seemed madness to make the attempt. But Helon would try. He had made the resolve, and he would carry it out. His preparations cost him days and nights of labour. His shoes were old, and his clothes ragged; but, as he was able, he repaired them. He provided bread for food, and a bottle of water for drink. First dressing his wounds, he took his staff in hand, and started.

But I must tell you no more this evening, said the old man. We will talk of Helon's endeavours to escape at a future time. He then sent away the children to their homes.

[The soul is now sorrowful, and this is its repentance. It feels "the wrath of God" abiding upon it. (John iii. 36.) It sees its sinfulness as it never did before, and with deep sorrow cries to God, "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight." (Psalm li. 4.) It is this "godly sorrow" which "worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of." (2 Cor. vii. 10.) Now is felt remorse, with self-loathing. And fears begin to be in the

way. Conscience, like a bird of evil omen, calls up forgotten sins to remembrance. Darkness comes, and the soul is made to "dwell in darkness." (Psalm cxliii. 3.) And now it resolves to fly, to fly from its present misery, and "from the wrath to come." (Matt. iii. 7.)]

CHAPTER IV.

THE DESERT.

THE next day was the Sabbath, and the evening's meeting was not held. But, walking to the house of God, the children thought much of Helon, wondering how he fared in his flight. The sermon that evening was from a passage in the Psalms: "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." As the children listened, they could not but see a resemblance between the misery of which David spake, and that of the poor man in the valley.

About six o'clock in the evening of the following day they again met. The old man was already there; and, placing themselves around him, they waited for more of his tale.

You heard me speak,—the old man began,—at the commencement of our story, of

the desert, the forest, and the mountains which shut Helon in his prison, bounding the valley in which he lived. And, the last time we met, you were told how hope visited him, and how he determined to attempt his escape. As his way must lie either through the wood, across the desert, or over the mountains, I must describe these before we follow him in his flight.

The mountain which stood to the north of the valley was the highest, and by far the most rugged. The name by which Helon knew it was *Punishment*. It was a burning mountain; and high up its side was an open crater, from which issued hot lava, smoke, and flames of fire. Over its top there always hung a heavy cloud, in whose bosom rolled perpetual thunder, while lightnings burst from it by day and night. The other mountain bounded the valley to the south, and had the name of *Self-help*. This was not so lofty as the former one, nor were its sides so rugged. But it was steep, and chiefly formed of crumbling earth. It was in some parts stony; and there foul fissures yawned, into whose depths no ray of light could

pierce. The desert which lay to the e
was a perfect wilderness, without a tree
shrub for miles: it was called *Earthly-ea*
The man who attempted to cross it was
danger of perishing of thirst. Sandstor
frequently arose, and rolled with such violer
that travellers overtaken by them w
inevitably destroyed. On the west stood t
forest, where thorns and brambles abound
The trees were desolate in appearan
and leafless for a great part of the yea
having no fruit except that which was poisc
ous, or loathsome to the taste. This v
wood went by the name of *Mortificati*
One of these courses Helon must take. I
must either scale the rugged sides of the h
Punishment, passing the crater of its blazi
volcano; or he must ascend the slippe
sides of *Self-help*, and risk falling into
gloomy chasms; or he must journey acr
the wilderness of *Earthly-ease*, or force
way through the sharp thorns of the wo
Mortification. He paused long before
decision was made, but at length resolved
try the desert: he would endeavour
escape by way of *Earthly-ease*.

It was in the early morning that he set out. Not a fine happy morning, with cheerful sunbeams, springing flowers, and melody-making birds, had Helon to cheer him on his way. A heavy gloom, as usual, filled the valley. There were brooding storms overhead. Beneath him the ground was rough and stony; while the only music which announced his departure was the scream of his tormentor, the bird, which flew above him, reminding him of his crimes.

The edge of the valley was reached, and Helon stood upon the margin of the desert. Groping along, and bending his steps toward the east, he was pleased to find that it grew lighter as he proceeded. He now and then looked back, and could see the clouds resting on the hill-tops, and other clouds filling the whole space of the valley. But, on the plain where he now stood, it was light. Here was a ray of hope. He had, at any rate, bettered his condition. Looking forward, he saw in the distance a group of trees. He knew that in those desert places there was vegetation only round the water-springs, and therefore to these trees he bent his steps.

It was morning when he set out; yet, when the sun rode high at noon, he was still miles away from the place. The sun's heat scorched him, and the hot sand burned his feet; but he pressed on. Before he reached the trees, the sun had long gone down. He gladly rested, and cooled his parched lips at the spring which bubbled from the ground. The place on which he stood was a small patch of vegetation in the midst of surrounding sand. The water refreshed him, and, after eating a part of the contents of his wallet, he threw himself upon the turf beneath a great palm-tree, and fell asleep. As he lay there, he dreamed,—dreamed again that he had clean escaped, his chain broken, and his malady healed. But, when he awoke, he found his body still in pain, and the heavy chain still riveted to his limbs. He arose, and drank at the fountain. Its clear waters rose from the ground at his feet, rolling away in a stream, till they were lost among the sands. He spent that whole day beneath the shady trees. To-day's rest would prepare him for the morrow's toils. He mused much on the direction in which he should

next travel. After another night of dreamy sleep, he rose early in the morning, and prepared himself for the journey. He drank deeply at the spring, and ate a portion of the bread he yet had left. Filling his bottle with the clear water, and bathing his wounds before he started, he again set out. Far away to the north-east he had noticed a range of hills, skirting the horizon; and to these hills he resolved to go. He thought he could discern upon their sides trees, and fields, and the dwellings of men. So, once again, he ventured upon the shifting sands.

This was his third day from the valley. At first he made good progress, and saw the hills more distinctly as he approached them. But, when the sun poured its rays directly upon him, he became faint. The water was well-nigh spent from his bottle, and he now feared that he should perish of thirst. But he still kept on, hoping before nightfall to reach the hills. Yet it was not long ere this hope was extinguished. They appeared to recede; and he became so faint, that he had but strength, a few paces at a time, to struggle

on. In this extremity he saw a tree some distance, and, approaching it, fou one solitary palm, with a rill trickling fr the herbage at its foot. Here he rest again. The water, though brackish, v refreshing to his fevered lips; and, kneeli down, he drank and appeased his ragi thirst. Hopeless of reaching the hills tl day, (for it was now dusk,) he resolved rest for the night, and on the morrow, easy stages, to travel on.

The next morning he rose unrefresh His wounds smarted intolerably, and lips were wofully parched. This he ow to the water of which he had drunk t night before. Looking forward, he strain his eyes in the direction of the hi They seemed to be at a distance of some t miles; and, though he felt pain in eve nerve, he thought it possible to reach th before sundown. Again filling his bott he grasped his staff, and started. This v the fourth day. The sun soon rose,—l and fierce as ever; and he grew weary w walking. His pace was much slower th the day before, and after a wearisome d

night found him still far from the hills. He looked around in hope of finding a tree, or even a tuft of grass, but in vain; and now before him was the misery of passing a night in the open desert. He cast himself groaning upon the sand. How vain his hopes of crossing this wilderness! He closed his eyes, and lay, for several hours, in a disturbed sleep. He woke up by means of the sand blowing upon his face, and, starting, saw signs of an approaching storm. The wind was blowing in fitful gusts, raising the sand in pillars, or blowing it in waves across the plain. The clouds above were dark; and in the east, where the sun was rising, the sky glared with a strange and awful redness. Helon had heard of the horrors of a sand-storm, and from these tokens he perceived that one was gathering. Marking the quarter from which the wind blew, he drank up the remaining water in his bottle, and fled for his life. Soon the storm came on. The sand rose in a cloud of prodigious height, sweeping over a vast tract of ground. Helon knew, as he turned to look, that for that storm to blow over him would be death.

He hurried on. He saw in his flight the whitened bones of numbers who had perished in the storms, and trembled with fear of a like fate. His only hope was to escape so far that the storm, before it reached him, should have spent its force. But it was a forlorn hope. The huge wave was sweeping behind him, and, unless the wind speedily dropped, he must be buried in the sand. On he ran, the moving cloud getting nearer, till it appeared close upon him. Its force was well-nigh spent, and there was yet one chance of escape. He turned to meet it, covered his head with his cloak, and fell upon his face. It swept over him, and in a few moments the danger was past. He rose, and, shaking the sand from his garments, with smarting, blood-shot eyes, he looked around. O joy! what was that his eyes beheld? Did he really see a river gliding along the plain, with groves of trees, and fields of verdure, on either side? He rubbed his eyes, and looked again and again. Could he be deceived? Surely not. It wa there, in full sight: why had he not seen i before? He could almost hear birds warl

ling among the trees, and scent the odour of sweetly-smelling flowers. Casting away his empty bottle, he hurried forward. The sight gave him new strength, and, hardly feeling his chain, or the pain of his wounds, he ran forward to drink. The place seemed not more than half a mile distant; yet, when he had run twice that distance, it appeared as far away as before. What could it mean? He stopped, and, rubbing his eyes, gazed more intently than ever. How could he be mistaken? There were the trees,—palms, cedars, and oaks,—their branches moving with the wind. And the stream—yes, it was there, as plainly as ever. He could distinctly see the shadows of the trees in the crystal water. It must be real, only he had mistaken the distance. He pressed on. Keeping his eye on the place, he went another mile or more, and again stopped. How could it be? He saw it now as clearly as he did hours ago. Yet he had crossed miles of sand, and the place was as distant as ever. He held his hand to his eyes. He turned away his head, and looked again. He looked at the sun, now setting in the

west. He looked once more in the direction of the pleasant place, on which his eyes had been feasting, and *it was gone!* The truth dropped with leaden weight upon his crushed hopes: he had been deceived by the MIRAGE OF THE DESERT. As this broke upon him, he sank upon the sand in despair. His last hope forsook him and fled. "Yes," he said within himself, "I must miserably perish, as have perished the wretches whose bones I saw bleaching on the sand."—How long he lay there he knew not; but he rose to a sitting posture, and looked around. The sun had gone down, and darkness was coming over the plain. At a short distance he could see a high mountain, topped with clouds, and, not far from that, another. In a short time he could distinguish the outline of a wood, and soon he was assured that it was his home. He rose to his feet, passed the space between him and the valley, and, ere the night had thoroughly set in, he had entered his cottage, and with strangely conflicting feelings had sobbed himself to sleep.

No more was said that evening, though

the children could have stood for hours; so rapt was their attention, and so great the interest they took in the old man's tale. This new turn in the story filled them with fresh wonder.

[See how the soul vainly sought rest in worldly happiness. It sought relief by plunging into vanity. "Go to now," it said to itself, "I will prove thee with mirth: therefore enjoy pleasure." (Eccles. ii. 1.) But no rest was found. It was driven again to its old state. These things are "broken cisterns that can hold no water." (Jer. ii. 13.) The deceitful mirage pictures the "strong delusions" into which such souls fall, and the bitter disappointment following. "Vanity of vanities," said one who had well proved the real state of the case; "all is vanity." (Eccles. i. 2.)]

CHAPTER V.

SELF-HELP.

TWENTY-FOUR hours passed, and the little company again met. They assembled at the same place; but, because of a threatening shower, stood beneath the shelter of a spreading chestnut-tree. Standing there,—the old man in their midst,—they waited to hear more of the history.

Last evening, he began, we left Helon in his cottage, asleep. He awoke the next morning to find himself more miserable than ever. The dusky gloom still overhung the valley; the roaring of a storm was heard from the mountain; and his old enemy, the bird, was sitting on the cottage-chimney, dolefully uttering the cry, "*Your crimes! your crimes!*" Helon was in despair. "Would that I could die!" he kept saying to himself: "would that I had never been born!" He surveyed the dwelling in which

he had passed so many unhappy years. Standing at the door, he looked out into the valley, where he seemed destined to perish. He thought of the bitter pains he had to endure, till his heart fainted within him. He brooded over his sufferings in the desert, till, shuddering to remember them, he felt his blood run cold in his veins. At length hope died within him. His misery became keener than ever, his life a very burden, and his whole existence a blank. He said within himself that he would no more fly, but yield to his fate, and perish where he was. He took little food. Sorrow was eating his heart away; and day after day he sat moodily gazing at the floor of his hut, or listening, stupefied by grief, to the dismal cry of the tormenting bird.

For nine days he continued thus, and then came again the desire to escape. What, if one way had proved impassable? might he not, in another direction, find a path? If he had failed in crossing the desert, might he not climb the hill-side, or force his way through the wood? "What folly," he said to himself, as he cast off his stupor,

"what folly to pine away here, and die, while I have any remaining strength! I will make yet another attempt; and if I perish, I perish."

Here was a new resolve: he would try again. But which way should he turn? Again he stood at his cottage-door, reasoning as to which way would be the least difficult, and the most hopeful of success. After careful deliberation, he resolved to attempt one of the mountains: he would try to climb the hill *Self-help*. Yes, in that direction he would go. Hope again visited his breast; and, somewhat cheered, he set himself to make preparations. This engaged him for a full week. At the end of that time, fully prepared, he started again. He had filled his bag with food, taking this time a double supply. He was provided, too, with a bottle of water, and with his old staff to help him in ascending the hill.

Leaving his dwelling behind, he moved toward the southern boundary of the valley, and in awhile was standing at the foot of *Self-help*. There was one particular respecting this hill which was unnoticed before

Owing to the gradual slope of its sides, it appeared much smaller than it really was; and Helon, standing where it was lighter, felt a stronger belief that he should be able to pass it. Of the other side, he knew nothing. Only he believed, that, could he but escape from the valley, and pass the summit, a land of plenty would be found below. After climbing all day, he reached a point at which he thought to rest for the night. He had succeeded even beyond his hopes. True, the climbing was difficult, and the dragging of his fetter a painful labour: yet, after the experiment of this first day's journey, he was almost confident of success. So, sitting down beneath a tree that grew there, he ate part of his provision, and drank freely of the water with which his bottle was filled. He had no fear of parching thirst, for above him he heard the noise of falling waters, and he purposed on the next day to refill his bottle before he started. That night he slept soundly. The mountain had already braced his shaking frame, and his sleep was refreshing and sound. On waking, however, the next morning, he could still distinguish, through the

thick mist below, the outline of his cottage; and he wondered that a whole day's progress should have been so small.

Hardly had the sun sent his first rays over the hill, when Helon was up, and ready to start. He felt himself unusually strong, and called himself a fool for staying in that miserable valley, when so ready a way of escape had been before him. Ascending a few paces, he sat down by a stream that gushed from the hill-side, to eat his morning meal. Then, re-filling his bottle with the sparkling water, he continued his progress upward. He toiled on throughout the day, resting only when weariness compelled him. Yet, when night came on, he could discern, from several tokens, that the valley was not far distant, while the mountain-top towering above appeared as far off as ever.

He rested that night by the side of a cliff, and in the morning found, not far away, a fissure, down which, had he moved in his sleep, he must have fallen, and miserably perished. That day he felt a change for the worse. Not only did the hill grow steeper, the higher he rose, but something in the

atmosphere affected his breathing, and made his progress slower still. And, when night again compelled him to pause, the place from which he had started at sunrise was not far below. That night he was frighted by several awful dreams. In one of them he thought himself near the summit of the hill. A few steps more, and he would have passed it; but his foot slipped, and at a fearful pace he rolled down the steep. He had no power to stop himself, though he put forth all his strength, catching at every object he passed. On he went, rolling faster and faster, till he reached the brow of a frightful precipice. Steep and rugged were the sides of the rock, and deep the abyss which yawned below. To the very edge of this gulf was he hurried, and, after hanging over it one moment of agony, he awoke, and found himself convulsively grasping the rock beneath which he had laid him down to sleep. It was nearly morning, and, dreading another dream of horror, he arose, and waited for the dawn. The day passed as the three former, only that his difficult breathing began to give him alarm. A little

higher, and he came to a part of the mountain more steep than the rest, and over this it was necessary to pass. He looked to the right and to the left for a path round it, but in vain. If he went farther, he must pass this hill. Summoning all his strength, he tried; but, before he was half-way up the ascent, his foot slipped, and he fell to the bottom. Rising to his feet, he made another attempt, and again failed. He tried yet once more, but the treacherous earth crumbled beneath his feet, and he fell back. Here was a difficulty indeed. Was this to be the end of all? After toiling so far, must he be stopped now? He made a few more efforts, but without success, and he was fain to lie down at the hill-foot, and rest for the night. The next morning his attempts were renewed, but with as little success as ever. At length he sat down in despair, and mourned his blighted hopes. At some distance from him the hill was more rocky, and the thought struck him that there he might perhaps ascend. He was soon standing beneath the place. The steep rock was rough, with here and there pieces jutting

out from the surface. Planting his foot on one of these, he clambered up. He then took hold of a projecting stone, rose still higher, and stood on a narrow ledge. Carefully fixing his feet in a safe place, he rose somewhat higher still, and began to hope that the worst was past. He was making another effort to rise, when a stone on which he had rested his foot gave way, and he fell. He grasped a tuft of grass, but it came out; and in another moment he was rolling, at a tremendous pace, down the hill. Battered by contact with stones, he became insensible. When he came to himself, he was in utter darkness, and apparently at the bottom of some pit. He arose, and felt about him. Walls of rock shut him in on every hand, and the cold damp told him that he must be far underground. The truth now forced itself upon him, that he had fallen into one of those chasms with which the mountain abounded. In that case he was buried alive. Horrid thought! What a doom was before Helon now! But he began to grope about in search of an outlet. His body was one mass of bruises, and he

had hardly strength enough to stand upright. But at one side the darkness appeared less dense, and, moving toward that place, he felt his way, hoping to discover a passage out. He crept on for a long time; and at length felt, by the freshening air, that he was approaching the outer world. In a few moments he was out of the cave, standing once more beneath the sky. It was nearly dark, but he perceived before long that he was in the valley again. Moving on a little, he beheld his cottage, all desolate and solitary, just as he had left it. It was with a sorrowful heart that he entered the door, and sat down. His heart was sick with hopelessness. His body was grievously bruised, and pain racked every limb. His clothes were torn to rags, and his whole state was more unhappy than ever. Thus ended his attempt to escape over the hill *Self-help*.

After this he was sick for a full week. So much had the fall bruised him, that for whole days he could scarcely move. Lying there, with just strength to reach the bread and water which kept him alive, he thought

of his condition. His reflections still ran on the possibility of escaping. Something within would not let him rest. Escape he must, or die. To stay was misery,—misery too great to be borne; and, lying there, he resolved that, if his strength returned, he would make another attempt. But which way should he go this time? He thought of the desert, but at once drove away the thought. He dared not venture among those shifting sands again. He saw, also, from his late failure, that to climb over the hill *Self-help* was impossible. Of attempting to scale the mountain *Punishment* he dared not think. Death seemed written on its rugged sides; and he could hear the thunder pealing above it, as he lay on his bed. Then he must attempt the *wood*. He could hardly hope to succeed, but it was his last hope. So he resolved, as soon as he had strength, to start yet again.

The rain that had threatened the little group before, was now falling; and, somewhat abruptly, the old man had to conclude. But, before he bade his hearers good night,

he promised that on the morrow, if possible, they should have a longer chapter of the story of Helon's deliverance. So they went to their homes.

[The old man would here show the soul trying to save itself by its own efforts. It tried in its own strength, and by its own good works, to escape the misery it feels. It thought to deliver itself. Like many deluded souls, "being ignorant of God's righteousness, it went about to establish its own." (Rom. x. 3.) By its own might it would climb into salvation. But it miserably failed. God has said, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified." (Rom. iii. 20.) Its efforts were unavailing, and it speedily fell back into a pit of horrible despair.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE WOOD.

It was now about a week since the friendly old man commenced his story, and the children had become more interested in it every day. They had followed Helon in his history, and had thought of his distresses till they had made them their own. This evening, meeting the old man at the usual place, they begged for more of the tale. He calmly sat down; and, leaning on his staff, as was his wont, began.

Slowly passed the days, and wearisome was the time to Helon, racked as he was by pain, and prostrated by weakness. He formed many plans as he lay there. He often thought of his crimes, saying to himself, that if he could but get into the presence of the King, he would fall before him, confess his crimes, and earnestly—O, how earnestly!—pray for pardon. But there was

no way for him to do this. He was buried in this dungeon-valley, far off from the King. How could he reach his presence? Sometimes, thinking of his condition, he was ready to despair. "If I escape," thought he, "from the valley, I shall still, for life, be encumbered with this chain; and, could I rid myself of that, this disease must eventually destroy me." Yet at times a ray of hope would cheer him; nerving him to try yet once more. He felt, too, a restlessness so constant, and burned with such a desire to escape away, that, though he had twice failed, he was resolved to make another attempt. It was already fixed that this time he was to try the wood; he was to endeavour to escape through the tangled briers of that pathless forest called *Mortification*. He might lose himself there, and, amongst mazes, miserably perish. Ravenous beasts might devour him. Wandering from the right way, he might starve to death. Yet, with these things before him, undaunted by danger, he resolved to make the attempt. His strength returned but slowly. Yet he was soon preparing for another flight.

It was yet morning when he left his cottage, and in a short time he was standing at the margin of the wood. His first business was to look round for a path. He found none; only in one place the trees were more thinly set, and there he boldly entered. He found difficulties at the very outset. The thorns tore his clothes as he passed, and often entered his flesh. The ground was uneven, and painful to walk upon; and, further on, he found the trees growing so closely together, and met with thickets so dense, that it was only by constant turning that he could make a way at all. When at noon he sat down to eat, he had travelled but a few miles; and, climbing a tree which stood by, he could see the cloud which filled the valley still at hand, and knew full well that his progress had been but small.

After refreshing himself, he again started: keeping as nearly as possible in one direction, he forced his toilsome way through thickets of thorn. The path became every hour more difficult, and night set in; which he had the prospect of passing among the trees, with no shelter from the storm, or protection from

the cold. His plight was miserable indeed. His clothes were reduced to rags, and wildly blew about his shivering frame. His shoes were half-destroyed by the sharp stones, and all his limbs ached with weariness. His wounds were bleeding, his feet pierced with thorns, and his heart full of misery. To add to his woe, he began to hear the roar of wild beasts, drawn from their dens in the thickening darkness. This filled him with trembling; for before morning he might, he knew, be torn in pieces. He shook with fear, and stood, half-mad with the terror that seized him, not knowing what to do. Now he was thinking of his wounds, and of the fluttering rags which hung about him; now staring vacantly at the driving night-clouds overhead; and now looking round upon the place in which he stood. At length his course was decided. He grasped his staff, and plunged afresh into the thicket. He would find an outlet, or die. But, with the darkness, his woes increased. He lost all idea of the direction in which he was going, and wandered about at random. He was ever and anon startled by the roar of

some beast of prey; when, hurrying to escape, he tore his flesh, and wearied himself with the might of his struggles. Flying from a beast that seemed near him, he fell into a bog, and had much ado to keep himself from being swallowed up. After floundering there for awhile, he crawled out again, miserably bemired, and half-dead. His shoes were left behind, and now his bleeding feet had no protection from the cutting stones. In this doleful state he toiled on for some time, expecting no more to see the light of day. He was at his wit's end. The only way to escape being devoured was to climb a tree; and for that he had not strength. Despairing of life, yet dreading death, he was about to sink upon the ground, when his eye caught in the distance a glimmering light. What could it be? Surely no one lived in this howling wilderness. But light brought hope, and he resolved to follow it. He turned, and tried to gain the place; but had not proceeded far when he again fell into the bog, and had another hard struggle for life. Escaping that danger, and seeing the light

still before him, he kept on toward it. How painful was the labour of walking! There was no path, and he had to force his way, naked and bleeding as he was, through thickets of bramble. He now found out that the light moved. For sometimes he lost it among the trees; and, dancing about, it would re-appear not far from where he stood. Helon now thought that someone must be carrying it, and loudly shouted for the person to stop. But the only answer was the rebounding echo of his own voice. Hoarse with constant shouting, he still kept on. At one time the light seemed so near, that he made sure of reaching it; but again it went faster, and left him far behind. It seemed his only hope, and he pressed after it. Evil beasts were prowling around, and, unless he had speedy help, he must perish. The light still moved from him; he following on. It led him to the part where stood the thickest brambles, and the keenest thorns: yet he stayed not to rest, for on reaching that light his life seemed to depend. It moved faster and faster; he struggling to follow; till, at length, it suddenly went out,

and left him in total darkness. It was the *ignis fatuus* he had been following,—the "Will o' the wisp;" a light arising from the vapour of the bog. As the light went out, Helon felt hope extinguished. He threw himself upon the ground, and bitterly wished to die. Calling on death to release him, he closed his eyes, expecting some lion or wolf to seize him. But, though they roared close by, none touched him. Opening his eyes at length, he saw that the morning was about to break. But it brought no hope; so he still lay, expecting death to end his griefs. As the sun began to rise, he saw that he was near the edge of the wood. In fact, within a few paces the trees were thinner, and beyond the space was clear. One ray of hope visited him. He rose, and crawled toward the place. Groaning within himself, and halting oft by reason of his weakness, he contrived to reach the margin of the wood; and, looking before him, his bewildered eyes beheld—outlined in the surrounding dimness—*his old home!* He had been wandering in a circle, and the deceitful light had led him to the valley

again. Here was disappointment. Here was sorrow upon sorrow. Here was the blighting of his hopes; the utter failure of his plans. What could he do? It seemed his fate to be buried in the valley, and he felt disposed to yield to it. He entered his dwelling again; and, sinking upon the straw which formed his bed, fell asleep. After several hours he woke up, parched with fever and thirst. He tossed about from side to side, scarcely able to rise. He crawled at length, however, to the brook which ran by his dwelling; and, stooping down, drank deeply and long. Then, filling a pitcher, he returned; and fell exhausted on his bed. He was in a high fever. His blood seemed on fire, and ran hot and swiftly through his veins. How passed the next three days, Helon never knew. He only knew that he had been unconscious. Tossing about in the wildness of delirium, he had raved, and groaned, and laughed, by turns. When he woke up, he found himself weak as a child. He had not power to move from the position in which he lay; but, after great effort, he succeeded in raising his

lips to the pitcher, and drank. He then lay down again, and gazed in utter helplessness at the roof of his hut. Again he drank, and before the close of that day he ate a little bread. At night he slept soundly, and the day following he was still stronger. In a few days he was able to rise, bathe his wounds, and look from the door into the murky twilight outside. It was weeks before his strength was fully restored; but, though his life had been spared, his woes were unrelieved. He was still a fettered prisoner. His wounds still distressed him; and he was now, more than ever, a hopeless sufferer. The cloud still hung over his head; and the bird that harassed him before still flew here and there above him, uttering the same dismal cry,—"*Your crimes! your crimes!*"

At this point of his story the old man paused. He looked at the large, old-fashioned watch he carried about him, and told his listeners it was again time to separate. They returned home that night weeping for the woes heaped on Helon. They said one to another that his lot became darker

every day, and they expected to hear next that he had come to some untimely end.

[Here is yet another way by which the soul seeks to escape its unhappiness: by doing penance; by mortifying the flesh; by the depth of its grief, and the number of its pains. This, too, is a fruitless labour. The soul only sinks, by the might of its struggles, into still deeper misery. The light is a cheat. Like the "*Will o' tha wisp*," it appears only to deceive.]

CHAPTER VII.

LIGHT.

THERE had been among the children great discussion as to which of Helon's ills was greatest. Some thought the constant suffering of his wounded body must be his chief woe. Others thought more of the ugly chain which chafed his limbs. Some dwelt on the loneliness of the valley, with the thought that he could never get away; while some declared that the tormenting bird, always telling him of his crimes, was worst of all. They resolved to put the question to the old man, and obtain his decision upon the matter. Thus talking, they waited in great suspense to hear the remainder of the mournful history. The old man seated himself upon the bank, and began.

Helon was gradually regaining the strength he had lost. The hope of escape had died

within him, but not the desire; for eagerly as ever he longed for deliverance. Yet he saw plainly that to save himself was impossible. He still thought that, could he get out of the valley, he should find a medicine for his wounds, relief from his chain, and a cure for all his woes, somewhere in the world beyond. But how should he escape? He had tried the desert. He had attempted to scale the hill *Self-help*. He had endeavoured to force his way through the wood; and each time he had well-nigh perished. What more could he do? True, there was the mountain *Punishment*: he had not dared to attempt that. Its frowning summit frighted him, and he trembled to approach its foot, lest an outburst of burning lava should destroy him. Thus his portion was one of hopeless woe. Looking upon his past ways, he was pierced with many sorrows. If he thought upon his present condition, he was overwhelmed. If he bent forward to look into the dark future, the prospect was full of horrors. Loaded with the guilt of his crimes, and oppressed by a weight of agony, he roamed up and down the valley,

calling for someone to come and deliver him.

But now came a change for the better. Helon was pensively walking in the dim twilight before his door. The sun was up, but no ray passed through the cloud which filled the valley. He had walked to and fro for some time, bewailing his woes, when suddenly the overhanging cloud was rolled away, and the bright sun poured its rays directly upon his head. So sudden was the change, and such the dazzling brightness of the light, that he fell overpowered to the earth. Accustomed to partial darkness, he could not bear it. When his eyes had become more used to the light, he had leisure to look around. How changed now was the appearance of the valley! The ground, the trees, and the brook which ran by his door, seemed to rejoice in the change. Helon's first attention, however, was drawn to the hill *Self-help*. It had ever been a mystery that he had failed to climb it. But its true height was now revealed. Before, seen through the twilight, it appeared small, and its sides easy of ascent; but now it

towered high among the clouds. Its steep sides told how useless must have been the attempt to climb them; and he saw with trembling horror the awful chasms with which the steep abounded. Crags, and precipices, and sharply-jutting points were revealed by the sun; and, shading his eyes, he could clearly mark the spot to which he had climbed in his desperate attempt to scale it. He wondered then, not why he failed, but how he had escaped being dashed in pieces.

He then turned to look at the wood,—at the forest of *Mortification*. That, also, had a far different appearance now. Standing on a rising ground, he saw trees beyond trees, thickets and forests, covering the plain for miles. He could see brambles and pointed thorns, thickly matted together, filling the space below; and called himself a madman for attempting a passage through them.

He then turned toward the desert. From the place on which he stood, he could command a prospect of great extent. What a scene was before him! Stretching away for *many leagues* was a sea of shifting sand. Here

and there the wind was rolling it in waves, or tossing it aloft in clouds. Helon strained his eyes in search of the ridge of hills. He now knew that it must have been a delusion; for no hills were to be seen. The desert appeared now just as it was. No shelter, no trees, no sign of life, save in one place, where grew a few palms. It was the oasis at which he had rested the first and second nights of his journey. "And this," said he, as he turned from it, "this is *Earthly-ease*, across which I thought to escape from my misery!"

Raising his eyes, and looking northward, he gazed on the mountain *Punishment*. It appeared more terrible than ever. Over its top hung the thunder-cloud. High up its sides great masses of loosened rock were hanging, only waiting a touch, or a gust of wind, to roll them down upon the valley. On one side he saw the crater, from which, years before, had poured floods of hot lava; and it still emitted smoke and flame. The sunlight revealed the loftiness of this mountain, and, listening, Helon heard a low, rumbling sound. The boiling fire in its bosom was

towered high among the clouds. Its steep sides told how useless must have been the attempt to climb them; and he saw with trembling horror the awful chasms with which the steep abounded. Crags, and precipices, and sharply-jutting points were revealed by the sun; and, shading his eyes, he could clearly mark the spot to which he had climbed in his desperate attempt to scale it. He wondered then, not why he failed, but how he had escaped being dashed in pieces.

He then turned to look at the wood,—at the forest of *Mortification*. That, also, had a far different appearance now. Standing on a rising ground, he saw trees beyond trees, thickets and forests, covering the plain for miles. He could see brambles and pointed thorns, thickly matted together, filling the space below; and called himself a madman for attempting a passage through them.

He then turned toward the desert. From the place on which he stood, he could command a prospect of great extent. What a scene was before him! Stretching away for many leagues was a sea of shifting sand. Here

and there the wind was rolling it in waves, or tossing it aloft in clouds. Helon strained his eyes in search of the ridge of hills. He now knew that it must have been a delusion; for no hills were to be seen. The desert appeared now just as it was. No shelter, no trees, no sign of life, save in one place, where grew a few palms. It was the oasis at which he had rested the first and second nights of his journey. "And this," said he, as he turned from it, "this is *Earthly-ease*, across which I thought to escape from my misery!"

Raising his eyes, and looking northward, he gazed on the mountain *Punishment*. It appeared more terrible than ever. Over its top hung the thunder-cloud. High up its sides great masses of loosened rock were hanging, only waiting a touch, or a gust of wind, to roll them down upon the valley. On one side he saw the crater, from which, years before, had poured floods of hot lava; and it still emitted smoke and flame. The sunlight revealed the loftiness of this mountain, and, listening, Helon heard a low, rumbling sound. The boiling fire in its bosom was

ready to burst the crust, and pour itself upon the plain. He had heard that sound before, but now he understood its meaning.

Turning from the survey of these things, he looked at himself. He started with horror! never before had his mind conceived a spectre so doleful. From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, he was one mass of putrefying sores. And his chain,—he stooped to look at that. He had felt its burden for many weary months; in the desert he had seen how massive were its links; but now he saw them united as one piece, and wondered not that he had failed in breaking it. He shrank trembling from the picture of his own countenance. Crime and suffering had so marred it, that scarcely one original feature remained. He cast himself on the ground, and anew began to bewail his fate. He felt the gnawings of unhappiness still. After a time he rose, and, turning to the sun, now setting below the western sky, he said, "O sun, thou hast indeed driven aside the darkness, and given me light; and for awhile I rejoiced in thy brightness; but thy beams have revealed

my misery, and shown me more clearly the horrible place in which I live; thou hast increased my woes, by removing the cloud which veiled them. Leave me—leave me in darkness again; for now, alas! my wretchedness is greater than ever."

He turned to his dwelling. But, before he entered, something on one of the hills arrested his attention. It was on the mountain *Punishment;* a road, narrow and straight, leading from the valley to the top. He wondered that he had not seen it before, and carefully marked the place. Yes; there, plainly enough, was a road, leading quite over the mountain. His first thought was to run and try the ascent, but the sun had set, and darkness was creeping over the valley; so he was fain to retire to rest, and leave its examination till morning.

The old man stopped, as though unable to say more. The children had taken notice, that, while speaking, he had appeared faint; and he had frequently paused as though the effort wearied him. When he bade them his usual good night, and turned to his

dwelling, they saw that he leaned heavily on his staff, and walked along with slower step than was his wont. While they feared that he was ill, their question was forgotten.

[This is a brighter chapter. The light of the Holy Ghost visited the soul, revealing its misery, and pointing out a way of escape. That blessed light revealed the plan of salvation, and gave the soul an answer to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" (Acts xvi. 30.) The soul saw,—saw that Christ had suffered the punishment of its sin; that the whole weight of the curse had been laid upon Him; and that He had opened "a new and living way," by His precious blood. (Heb. x. 19, 20.) This was the way of salvation through faith, revealed to the soul by the Holy Spirit of God.]

CHAPTER VIII.

DELIVERANCE.

"My master is ill, and unable to leave the house; but, if you will go to him, he will speak with you there."

It was the old man's black servant who spoke. The children were standing near the chestnut-tree, waiting. They were curious to know what change the light had produced in Helon's condition, and what meant the road over the mountain. They had begun to wonder why the old man did not come, when his servant approached, and delivered the message. So the children followed the man to the cottage. Opening the door, he bade them pass in. They found their friend sitting by the fire, pillowed in a chair. He had not forgotten them, and would now, as his weakness permitted, continue his tale. So he began.

On the past evening I told you of a change

in the condition of the poor man in the valley: how the thick cloud was removed, and his eyes beheld the sun: you will remember, too, how, entering his dwelling, he saw a road leading from the valley. For a long time that night he lay awake, thinking of this; and, before the first ray of light had peeped above the horizon, he was up, and out in the valley to see the sun rise.

It was a new and strange sight to him. Standing at the door, he watched the changing appearance of the sky to the east. First he saw the early rays of light creep above the dark line of night-clouds; then the sky reddened, and the mountain-tops became tipped with gold. He stood there till the sun, rising above the clouds which curtained his brightness, flooded the whole valley with light. For some time Helon's eyes were fixed on this splendid sight; and when he could no longer bear the brightness of the risen sun, he turned toward the mountain, to satisfy himself as to the road he had seen. Yes, it was there! How fresh and hopeful were his feelings as he looked at it! It rose from the valley in a straight line, and he

could follow its course almost to the very top. "Now am I delivered," said he to himself. "Along that path I must tread, and escape from this valley of sorrows." He turned into his cottage again, and, putting sandals on his feet, prepared for the journey. He took a piece of bread in his hand, hastily gathered a beautiful flower called *Hope*, which, springing up during the night, had bloomed by his door; and, without further delay, began the ascent.

He found the way plain, though the mountain was steep. Someone had gone before him, and that not long ago; for here and there among the stones were traces of blood. The Person, then, had trodden the way barefoot. The first few hours Helon made good progress. If faintness came over him, he had but to smell his flower, and he immediately revived. Yet his way was not without difficulties. One arose from his excessive weakness. His walking was attended with constant pain; his whole system being shaken by the malady which preyed upon it. This hindrance, however, did not prevent him. A strong resolve to

reach the top, or to die, over-mastered his weakness, and gave him strength. Another difficulty arose from the steepness of the hill. The mountain was high, and the road, instead of winding round, formed a nearly straight line. On this account the ascent was hard. It was not walking, but climbing; and Helon at times feared lest, falling back, he should roll down to the bottom.

There was before him yet another difficulty. It was this. Over the mountain still hung that dark cloud, and in the cloud the road seemed to lose itself. This caused his greatest discouragement. He would keep asking himself, "What shall I do when near the summit, if I succeed in climbing so far? The ascent will then be steepest, and the way, most likely, rugged: how can I pass it amid the darkness of that cloud?" But, notwithstanding these things, he kept on. His old staff rendered him good service. Higher and higher he rose, and by noon was a good distance from his starting-place. Turning to look, he could see the valley far below him. But he was now weary and faint. He

felt ready to sink, when he heard the murmuring of water above him. He crawled to the spot, a few yards higher up the steep, and found a rill of pure water flowing out of the rock. He sat down by the place, and, dipping in his cup, drank, and felt refreshed. He saw here again the marks of blood. Sitting by the water-spring, he looked around. Above rose the steep mountain, its top clothed in darkness. The sight of that cloud made him tremble. He again smelled the sweet flower he carried with him: it was drooping, but still beautiful; and the scent it gave forth once again revived his spirits. Drinking again of the water, he travelled on. Climbing onward, he at length neared the mountain-top. It was just as his fears had foreboded. Reaching a certain height, he passed into the cloud, and had to journey on in darkness. Groping along, trembling, he came to a place so steep as to be utterly impassable. From where he stood, the solid rock rose like a wall: how high, the darkness prevented his knowing; but it was too evident he could not climb it. Here, then, to all appearance, was the end

of his journey. He was bleeding and faint with travel; in the darkness he could feel the steep rock before him; he knew it was hopeless to think of passing it; and so, laying himself down at its foot, he sobbed in an agony of despair.

He lay there for some time, stupefied with sorrow. His wounds filled him with racking pain, and every limb ached with weariness. The flower, which by its scent had so helped him before, now withered in his hand; and, flinging it away, he gave himself up to grief. Once again he seemed at the point to die. But what was that? Did he indeed hear a voice? Was that his own name he heard called from the rock above? He started up, and listened. Yes: there sounds the voice again, "*Helon! Helon!*" He called out, with the voice of a man in earnest, "Yes, it is Helon; a wretch trying to escape from the dark valley below. Whoever thou art that speakest, have pity on me! I am filled with disease: my body is covered with sores: I am faint with climbing the steep mountain. O, whoever thou art,—if thou canst feel pity, or afford relief,—help me!"

The voice spoke again: "Yes, Helon, I will help thee. I heard thy groans, and am come to give thee help. Only come a little higher, and a way of escape shall be shown thee."

"O Sir," replied Helon, "I have no power to ascend further. My whole frame is so weak that I can scarcely stand. And, beside all this, here is a place beyond which I cannot pass. The rock above me is steep and high. 'Tis impossible that I should climb it. Alas! alas! what shall I do?"

Again Helon heard the voice. "Is that thy case, poor man? Then I will help thee over that rock; for thou must pass it."

The speaker then laid himself upon the ground, and, leaning over, stretched out his hand for Helon to grasp. But, because of the darkness, he could not see it, and so remained standing, waiting to hear the voice again.

"Seest thou my hand, Helon?"

"Alas! I see nothing," was the answer.

"Stand on thy feet, and see if thou canst reach so high as to grasp it."

He did so; and, reaching as high as he

was able, felt the hand held out to him. But he was afraid to take hold; afraid to trust himself to it. "What if he should let me drop? What if he should not have strength to take me up, and we both fall together? What if he should deceive me, and take advantage of my helplessness to destroy me?" As he said these things to himself, he drew back, afraid to grasp the hand held out. Standing there undecided, he heard the Person above addressing him again.

"Why dost thou not grasp my hand, Helon? I am waiting to help thee; ready to save thee."

"But I am afraid," was the reply.

"Cast away thy fears, and take hold: I will help thee."

"But I fear lest I should fall back, and be destroyed."

"Why need'st thou fear? Dost thou doubt my word? I tell thee I am strong enough to save thee; and willing too, if thou wilt but grasp my hand."

Helon now felt ashamed to delay any longer: so he said to himself, "The voice

speaks like that of one who knows me; and, moreover, it is a kind voice, such as I should think belongs to one who would not deceive. I will even trust him; and, if this last hope fail, I must perish." Thus resolved, he cried out, "O Sir, I will trust thee. Thy voice is loving, and thou speakest like one telling the truth. I will accept thy help: lend me thy hand."

Now all this time the Person above had been leaning over the rock, not impatient, though He was wearied. Helon had whispered many a doubt to himself, yet He had heard it all; and, though grieved at his mistrust, He still held out his hand to save him. Helon now planted his foot in the rock, and took the offered hand. He grasped it with all his might, and clung to it as to a last hope. He felt new strength as he touched it, and found himself speedily ascending the steep and rocky place. At one moment, indeed, he thought himself falling, and gave a loud cry of terror. But in a few moments he was out of danger, standing safely at the top. He at once fell at the feet of his Deliverer, and with many

tears, thanked Him for the help afforded. Helon now had passed the cloud. It was below him, while above and around it was beautifully light. His first attention was given to the Person who had helped him. From Him he could scarcely turn his eyes. He was awed by the majesty of his appearance: yet such pity beamed in his face, that Helon could not but love Him. Looking closer, he saw that He had wounds in his hands and feet; and knew now that the marks he had seen by the way were made by his Helper's blood. Yes, Helon knew it now. He had trodden the way before him, opened the fountain for his refreshment, and prepared the road for his escape. Here was cause for new wonder; and, again falling at the feet of his Deliverer, he poured forth the feelings of his heart in gushing thanks.

All this time the Person who had helped him stood looking with a calm, rejoicing eye at the poor man at his feet; and soon He put forth his hand, and raised him up. Helon looked up; but, remembering he was all in rags, he held down his head in shame. *As he stood* thus, his Deliverer spoke to him.

He bade Helon follow Him down the mountain. The way was plain, and easy to the feet, and soon they stood together in the plain. They went to a building that stood by, and the Stranger, bidding Helon kneel, with one blow struck off the chain that bound him. Then, leading him to the margin of a brook which ran by the place, he dipped in a golden cup, and bade him drink. He drank, and felt new life poured into him. The Stranger then, with His own hands, bathed his wounds, and healed them all. He now stood upright before his Deliverer, ready to dance for very gladness. He stooped down to see his likeness in the clear water. The haggard look had vanished, and his countenance bloomed in all the happy freshness of youth. He was next led into the house, and there arrayed in new garments. He was also armed with a new and better staff. More than this, his unhappiness fled away; and, instead of woful despair, he felt a well-spring of joy in his breast. He received also a paper, having upon it a written pardon, testifying that his crimes were all forgiven. Thus changed, his

Deliverer took him to the top of a hill, and showing him in the far distance a glorious land, with fields, and palm-groves, and clear-flowing rivers, placed him in a narrow but good road that led to it, and, giving him a blessing at parting, bade him go his way to the good land. "And when you arrive," He continued, "present this ticket, on which my Name is written, to the Governor of the place, and He will appoint you an inheritance." Helon turned, and with many thanks told the gratitude he felt; and, after looking once more at the mountain over which he had been brought, he lifted his eyes toward the land of joy, and with a light heart began his journey.

[Happy, thrice-happy day when the soul is delivered! The Helper is Jesus, "sent to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." (Luke iv. 18.) He not only died to purchase salvation, but He helps the sinner in his efforts to obtain it, *bringing* him into its possession. When the

soul meets Jesus, and hears Him say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," (Matt. ix. 2,) that is the day of salvation. But there must be *faith* first. Faith is trusting in Jesus, in His power and willingness to save. When the penitent soul believes Christ's word, He pardons it, breaks off the chain of evil habits, and makes it free and happy. Then, giving it "a good hope though grace" (2 Thess. ii. 16) of a heavenly inheritance, He sends it on its way rejoicing.]

CONCLUSION.

THE children were still standing round the old man's chair. He had become so feeble, that he could hardly speak. On the table lay a number of Bibles. After a long pause, the old man said, "My story is concluded. By your brightened faces I know the pleasure you feel in hearing of Helon's escape. My promise is fulfilled. 'Twas to tell you his history up to the time he escaped from the valley. Here we must leave him. We have followed him in his attempts to escape by the desert *Earthly-ease*, the hill *Self-help*, and the wood *Mortification*. We have seen how light came into the valley, and how he was finally rescued by a newly-made road over the mountain *Punishment*. I have been telling you a true story; the story of a soul's struggles in search of rest. This key will unlock the meaning of my tale. Think of what has *been told* you, and try to understand it."

Here he paused, and taking the Bibles which lay upon the table, gave one to each, saying, "I have now related to you these chapters of a soul's history. But in this precious book you will find it more fully recorded. Read for yourselves. Treasure up in your hearts the truths contained in Holy Scripture, and may each of you seek and find the rest which Christ gives! 'Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him; and you shall find rest to your souls.'" (Matt. xi. 29.) Here the old man's voice again failed. In a few moments he recovered, and, with a trembling voice, bade the children farewell. With eyes full of tears, they left him, and returned to their homes.

LONDON:
J. ROCHE, PRINTER,
25, HOXTON-SQUARE.

Standard and Popular Works,

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN MASON,

CITY-ROAD, AND PATERNOSTER-ROW.

COMMENTARIES, DICTIONARIES, &c.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

	s.	d.
BENSON (J.). The Holy Bible with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical. By the Rev. Joseph Benson. Sixth Edition. With Maps, and above 100 Illustrations. Six Vols., Imperial 8vo. . . .	63	0
Ditto, Fine Edition. Six Vols., Imperial 8vo. . .	112	0
N.B.—The New Testament may be had separately in Two Vols., Imperial 8vo. Cheap Edition, £1. 1s.		
CUBITT (G.). Conversations on the Miracles of Christ, and of His Apostles, &c. By the Rev. George Cubitt. 18mo.	2	0
CUBITT (G.). Conversations on the Parables of Christ. By the Rev. George Cubitt. 18mo. . .	1	6
ETHERIDGE (J. W.). Apostolical Acts and Epistles; and the Book of Revelation, from the Ancient Syriac. By the Rev. J. W. Etheridge, Ph.D. . . .	7	6
ETHERIDGE (J. W.). Horæ Aramaicæ, with a Translation of St. Matthew, and of Hebrews, from the Ancient Syriac. By the Rev. J. W. Etheridge, Ph.D.	4	6
ETHERIDGE (J. W.). Syrian Churches: their Early History, Liturgies, and Literature, with a Translation of the Four Gospels. By the Rev. J. W. Etheridge, Ph.D.	7	6

	s.	d.
FARRAR (J.). A Biblical and Theological Dictionary: Illustrative of the Old and New Testaments. By the Rev. JOHN FARRAR. With a Map of Palestine, and Engravings. Crown 8vo.	7	0
Ditto, half-bound in calf	9	0
Ditto, full-bound in calf	10	6
FARRAR (J.). An Ecclesiastical Dictionary: Explanatory of the History, Antiquities, Heresies, Sects, and Religious Denominations of the Christian Church. By the Rev. JOHN FARRAR. Crown 8vo.	6	0
Ditto, half-bound in calf	8	0
Ditto, full-bound in calf	9	6
FARRAR (J.). Manual of Biblical Geography, Descriptive, Physical, and Historical. By the Rev. JOHN FARRAR. Crown 8vo.	4	6
FARRAR (J.). The Proper Names of the Bible; their Orthography, Pronunciation, and Signification. With a brief Account of the principal Persons, and a Description of the principal Places. By the Rev. JOHN FARRAR. Seventh Edition. 18mo.	2	0
FARRAR (J.). Key to the Pronunciation of the Names of Persons and Places mentioned in the Bible. By the Rev. JOHN FARRAR. 18mo.	0	6
HARTLEY (J.). Hid Treasures, and the Search for them: being Lectures to Bible Classes. By the Rev. JOHN HARTLEY. Royal 18mo.	2	6
SMITH (T.). Youths of the Old Testament. By the Rev. THORNLEY SMITH. 18mo.	3	0
SUTCLIFFE (J.). A Commentary on the Old and New Testaments: containing copious Notes, Theological, Historical, and Critical; with Improvements and Reflections. By the Rev. JOSEPH SUTCLIFFE, A.M. Illustrated by Maps and Plates. Two Vols., Imperial 8vo.	25	0
Also, a Cheap Edition, without Illustrations, in one Vol., Imperial 8vo.	12	0
WATSON (R.). A Biblical and Theological Dictionary. By the Rev. R. WATSON. Twelfth Edition. Royal 8vo., cambric	12	
Ditto, half-bound in calf	16	
Ditto, full-bound in calf	18	

WATSON (R.). An Exposition of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, and of some other detached parts of Scripture. By the Rev. RICHARD WATSON.

	s.	d.
Royal 8vo.	8	0
Ditto. 8vo.	6	0
Ditto, 12mo.	3	6

WESLEY (J.). The New Testament, with Explanatory Notes. By the Rev. JOHN WESLEY. With the Author's last Corrections.

8vo.	8	0
Ditto, one Vol., 12mo.	3	6
Ditto, pocket Edition, 18mo.	3	6

WILLIAMS (H. W.). The Incarnate Son of God: or, the History of the Life and Ministry of the Redeemer; arranged, generally, according to Greswell's Harmony of the Gospels. By the Rev. HENRY W. WILLIAMS.

Crown 8vo.	4	0

THEOLOGY.

BENSON (J.). Sermons on various Occasions. Most of them on the Principal Subjects of Genuine Christianity. By the Rev. JOSEPH BENSON. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by the Rev. JABEZ BUNTING, D.D. Two Vols., 12mo. 8 0

BLATCH (W.). Two Lectures on the Historical Confirmation of the Scriptures: with especial reference to Jewish and ancient Heathen Testimony. By WILLIAM BLATCH. 18mo. 1 0

BUNTING (J.). A Sermon on Justification by Faith. By the Rev. JABEZ BUNTING, D.D. Ninth Edition. 8vo. 0 6

BURGESS (W. P.). The Principles and Doctrines of Christianity examined in reference to their Tendency and Influence. By the Rev. W. P. BURGESS, M.A. 18mo. 2 0

EDMONDSON (J.). Scripture Views of the Heavenly World. By the Rev. J. EDMONDSON, M.A. 18mo. 2 0

EDMONDSON (J.). Short Sermons on Important Subjects. By the Rev. J. EDMONDSON, M.A. With Sermons on the Nature and Offices of the Holy Ghost, by the same Author, and by the Rev. R. TREFFRY, SEN. Two Vols., Post 8vo. 10 0

	s.	d.
FLETCHER (J.). An Appeal to Matter of Fact and Common Sense: or, a Rational Demonstration of Man's Corrupt and Lost Estate. By the Rev. JOHN FLETCHER. 12mo.	2	0
FLETCHER (J.). Five Checks to Antinomianism. By the Rev. JOHN FLETCHER. Two Vols., 12mo. .	6	0
FLETCHER (J.). The Last Check to Antinomianism. A Polemical Essay on the Twin Doctrines of Christian Imperfection, and a Death Purgatory. By the Rev. JOHN FLETCHER. 12mo.	3	0
FLETCHER (J.). The Works of the Rev. John Fletcher. In nine Vols., 12mo.	31	6
FLETCHER (J.). Selections from the Works of the Rev. John Fletcher, systematically arranged. With a Life of the Author. 12mo.	5	0
ISAAC (D.). The Doctrine of Universal Restoration examined and refuted. By the Rev. DANIEL ISAAC. 12mo.	2	0
JACKSON (T.). Expository Discourses on various Scripture Facts and Characters. By the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON. Post 8vo.	7	0
JACKSON (T.). The Christian armed against Infidelity. A Collection of Tracts in Defence of Divine Revelation. With a Preface by the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON. Second Edition. 18mo. . . .	2	0
LEPPINGTON (J. C.). The Confessional in the Church of England, and other Essays on the Anglican Controversy. By the Rev. J. C. LEPPINGTON. Royal 18mo.	2	0
M'OWAN (P.). Practical Considerations on the Christian Sabbath. By the Rev. P. M'OWAN. Fourth Edition. 18mo.	1	0
TREFFRY (R.). A Treatise on the Christian Sabbath. By the Rev. RICHARD TREFFRY. 12mo. . .	3	0
TREFFRY (R.). Short Discourses, Practical and Experimental. By the Rev. RICHARD TREFFRY. To which are prefixed, Biographical Reminiscences of the Author. 12mo.	4	0

TREFFRY (R.). An Inquiry into the Doctrine of the Eternal Sonship of our Lord Jesus Christ. By the Rev. RICHARD TREFFRY, JUN. Third Edition. 12mo. — s. 6 d. 0

TREFFRY (R.). Letters on the Atonement. By the Rev. RICHARD TREFFRY, JUN. 18mo. — 2 0

TREFFRY (R.). The Infidel's own Book. A Statement of some of the Absurdities resulting from the Rejection of Christianity. By the Rev. RICHARD TREFFRY, JUN. Third Edition. 18mo. — 2 6

WALSH (T.). Sermons. By the Rev. THOMAS WALSH. 12mo. — 3 0

WATSON (R.). Sermons and Sketches of Sermons. By the Rev. RICHARD WATSON. Three Vols., 8vo., cambric — 18 0
Ditto, three Vols., 12mo. — 10 6

WATSON (R.). Theological Institutes: or, a View of the Evidences, Doctrines, Morals, and Institutions of Christianity. By the Rev. RICHARD WATSON. Three Vols., 8vo. — 18 0
Ditto, four Vols., royal 18mo. — 14 0

WATSON (R.). The Works of the Rev. Richard Watson. With his Memoirs by the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON. Thirteen Vols., 8vo., cambric — 78 0
Ditto, thirteen Vols., 12mo. — 45 6

WESLEY (J.). An Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion. By the Rev. JOHN WESLEY. 12mo., cambric — 3 0

WESLEY (J.). Sermons on various Occasions. By the Rev. JOHN WESLEY. With a Life of the Author by the Rev. JOHN BEECHAM, D.D. Three Vols., 8vo., cambric — 18 0
Ditto, three Vols., Fine Paper, 12mo., cambric — 10 6
Cheap Edition. Three Vols., 12mo., cambric — 8 0
Ditto, three Vols., 12mo., half-bound in roan — 10 6

WESLEY (J.). The Prose Works of the Rev. John Wesley. Fourteen Vols., 8vo., cambric — 84 0
Ditto, fourteen Vols., 12mo., cambric — 49 0

WISEMAN (L. H.). Christ in the Wilderness; or, Practical Views of our Lord's Temptation. By the Rev. LUKE H. WISEMAN. Crown 8vo. — 3 6

PRACTICAL AND EXPERIMENTAL PIETY.

ALLEINE (R.). Instructions about Heart-Work. And, a Companion for Prayer. By the Rev. RICHARD ALLEINE. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Crown 8vo. . . . . s. 4 d. 0

BARRETT (A.). Pastoral Addresses. By the Rev. ALFRED BARRETT. Two Vols., Foolscap 8vo. . each 1 6
Ditto, with gilt edges . . . . each 2 0

BARRETT (A.). The Boatman's Daughter: a Narrative for the Learned and Unlearned. By the Rev. ALFRED BARRETT. 18mo. 1 4
Ditto, extra cambric, gilt edges 1 8

BAXTER (R.). The Saints' Everlasting Rest. Edited by the Rev. JOHN WESLEY. Royal 18mo. . . 3 0

BELIEVERS ENCOURAGED TO RETAIN THEIR FIRST LOVE. Two Letters on Entire Sanctification. Gilt edges 0 3

BOGATZKY (C. H. V.). A Golden Treasury for the Children of God: Consisting of Select Scripture Texts, with Practical Observations for every Day in the Year. By C. H. V. BOGATZKY. New Edition, with Alterations and Improvements. Royal 32mo. . . . 1 6

BUSH (J.). Bread from Heaven. By the Rev. JOSEPH BUSH 0 8

CLARK (S.). A Collection of the Promises of Scripture. By the Rev. S. CLARK, D.D. With a Life of the Author by the Rev. DAVID M'NICOLL. Royal 32mo. 1 6

CUBITT (G.). Scriptural Expositions: Containing, The Philippian Jailer; or, Conversion. Enoch; or, Personal Piety. Obed-Edom; or, Family Religion. Antioch; or, Primitive Christianity. By the Rev. GEORGE CUBITT. 18mo. 4 0

The four Treatises may be had separately, 1s. each.

DODDRIDGE (P.). The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. By the Rev. P. Doddridge, D.D. Royal 32mo. . . . . s. 1 d. 8

EDMONDSON (J.). A Concise System of Self-Government in the Great Affairs of Life and Godliness. By the Rev. J. Edmondson, M.A. Third Edition. 18mo. 2 6

EDWARDS (J.). Revivals of Religion: Their Nature, Defence, and Management. By the Rev. Jonathan Edwards. Abridged by the Rev. John Wesley. 18mo. 2 0

EDWARDS (J.). The Work of the Holy Spirit in the Human Heart. By the Rev. Jonathan Edwards. Abridged by the Rev. John Wesley. 18mo. . . 1 6

ENTWISLE (J.). An Essay on Secret Prayer, as the Duty and Privilege of Christians. By the late Rev. Joseph Entwisle. Eleventh Edition. Royal 32mo., gilt edges 0 6

EXPERIMENTAL AND PRACTICAL RELIGION. By Twelve Wesleyan Ministers. Crown 8vo. 1 6

FLETCHER (J.). Pastoral and Familiar Letters of the Rev. John Fletcher. Sixth Edition. 12mo. . 3 0

FLETCHER (J.). Portrait of St. Paul. The True Model for Christians and Pastors. By the Rev. John Fletcher. With Notes, by the Rev. Joshua Gilpin. 12mo. 5 0

HELP TO THE PLAIN YET NEGLECTED DUTY OF SELF-EXAMINATION. A Selection for each Day of the Month 0 8

HEYWOOD (O.). Closet Prayer a Christian Duty. By Oliver Heywood. Revised by the Rev. Thomas Jackson. 18mo. 1 6

HOPKINS (Bp.). A Short Exposition of the Ten Commandments. Extracted from Bishop Hopkins, by the Rev. John Wesley. 18mo. 1 4

JACKSON (T.). The Duties of Christianity Theoretically and Practically considered. By the Rev. Thomas Jackson. Crown 8vo. 5 6

	s.	d.
KEMPIS. The Christian's Pattern. A Treatise on the Imitation of Christ. By THOMAS A KEMPIS. Abridged by the Rev. JOHN WESLEY. 32mo., roan . .	1	0
KEMPIS. A Companion to the Christian's Pattern. By THOMAS A KEMPIS. Second Edition. 32mo., roan .	1	9
OUR FATHER; or, Thoughts Expository and Practical, on the Prayer which Christ taught His Disciples. By a Christian Pastor. 18mo.	1	6
PIPE (J. S.). Dialogues on Sanctification. By the Rev. J. S. PIPE. Thirteenth Edition. 18mo. . .	1	4
PRAYERS FOR THE USE OF CHRISTIAN FAMILIES: Containing a Morning and Evening Prayer for each Day in the Month, &c. By Wesleyan Ministers. 8vo.	6	0
Ditto, 12mo.	4	0
ROWE (E.). Devout Exercises of the Heart. By MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE. 32mo., roan . . .	1	0
SMITH (B.). Vice-Royalty; or, Counsels respecting Government of the Heart: addressed especially to Young Men. By the Rev. BENJAMIN SMITH. Crown 8vo. .	3	0
THAYER (MRS.). Religion recommended to Youth, in a Series of Letters addressed to a Young Lady. By MRS. THAYER. 18mo.	1	0
TREFFRY (R.). A Treatise on Christian Perfection. By the Rev. R. TREFFRY, SEN. 18mo. . . .	2	6
WESLEY (J.). A Plain Account of Christian Perfection as Believed and Taught by the Rev. JOHN WESLEY. 18mo., roan	1	6
WESLEY (J.). Instructions for Christians. By the Rev. JOHN WESLEY. 32mo., roan . . .	1	0
WESLEY (J.). Select Letters, chiefly on Personal Religion. By the Rev. JOHN WESLEY. With a Sketch of his Character. By the Rev. SAMUEL BRADBURN. 12mo.	3	0

BIOGRAPHY.

See also "FEMALE BIOGRAPHY."

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES, in the Form of Tracts. s. d.
Royal 18mo. 1 6

BUMBY (J. H.). The Life of the Rev. John H. Bumby. With a Brief History of the Progress of the Wesleyan Mission in New-Zealand. By the Rev. ALFRED BARRETT. 12mo. 3 0

BURGESS (J.). Memoirs of the Rev. Joseph Burgess, formerly an Officer in the Army, afterwards a Wesleyan Minister. By the Rev. W. P. BURGESS, M.A. 18mo. . 1 6

CARVOSSO (W.). Memoirs of William Carvosso. Written by Himself, and edited by his SON. 18mo. . 2 6

CARVOSSO (W. B.). Attractive Piety; or, Memorials of W. B. Carvosso. By the Rev. B. CARVOSSO. 18mo. 1 4

CLARKE (A.). The Life of Dr. Adam Clarke. By the Rev. Dr. ETHERIDGE. Post 8vo. 6 0

COKE (T.). The Life of Dr. Thomas Coke. By the Rev. Dr. ETHERIDGE. Post 8vo. 6 0

CROSS (W.). Memoir of the Rev. William Cross, Missionary to the Friendly and Feejee Islands. With a Notice of the History of the Missions. By the Rev. JOHN HUNT. 18mo. 2 0

FIELD (J.). Memoirs of Mr. James Field, of Cork, Sergeant in the Artillery. By the Rev. ROBERT HUSTON. 18mo. 1 6

FLETCHER (J.). The Life of the Rev. John Fletcher. By the Rev. JOSEPH BENSON. 12mo. . . . 3 6
Ditto, 8vo. 5 0

GARDINER (COL.). The Life of Col. James Gardiner. By Dr. DODDRIDGE. With a Preface by the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON. 18mo. 1 6

GRIMSHAW (W.). Incumbent of Haworth. By the Rev. R. Spence Hardy. Crown 8vo. . . 3 0

HASWELL (T. M.). Memoir of Mr. Thomas M. Haswell. Second Edition. 18mo. . . . 1 6
Ditto, with gilt edges 2 0

HODGSON (T. L.). Memoir of the Rev. Thomas L. Hodgson, Missionary in South Africa. By the Rev. T. Smith. 18mo. 1 6

LIBRARY OF CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY. Edited by the Rev. Thomas Jackson. Twelve Vols., 18mo. . . . . each 2 0

LIVES OF EARLY METHODIST PREACHERS. Chiefly written by themselves. Edited by the Rev. Thomas Jackson. Second Edition. Two Vols., 12mo. 10 0

LONGDEN (H.). The Life of Mr. Henry Longden. 18mo. 1 6

NELSON (J.). The Journal of Mr. John Nelson. 18mo. 1 6

NEWTON (R.). The Life of the Rev. Robert Newton, D.D. By the Rev. Thomas Jackson. Post 8vo. . 5 0
Ditto, Cheap Edition. 12mo. 2 6

SMITH (J.). Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Labours of the Rev. John Smith. By the Rev. R. Treffry, jun. With an Introductory Essay by the Rev. Dr. Dixon. 12mo. 3 0

STONER (D.). Memoirs of the Rev. David Stoner. By the Rev. Dr. Hannah, and Mr. William Dawson. 18mo. 2 6

TACKABERRY (F.). The Life and Labours of the Rev. Fossey Tackaberry; with Notices of Methodism in Ireland. By the Rev. R. Huston. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3 0

THRELFALL (W.). The Missionary Martyr of Namaqualand. Memorials of the Rev. William Threlfall. By the Rev. Samuel Broadbent. 18mo. . 1 6

	s.	d.
TREFFRY (R.). Memoirs of the Rev. R. Treffry, jun. With Select Remains, consisting of Sketches of Sermons, Essays, and Poetry. By his Father, the Rev. RICHARD TREFFRY. 12mo.	4	6
TREZISE (J. E.). Memoir of Mr. John Edwards Trezise. By the Rev. RICHARD TREFFRY, JUN. 18mo.	2	0
VALTON (J.). The Life and Labours of the Rev. John Valton. Edited by the Rev. JOSEPH SUTCLIFFE. 12mo.	2	6
WATSON (R.). Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Richard Watson. By the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON. 8vo.	6	0
Ditto, Royal 18mo.	3	6
WESLEY (C.). The Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley. Comprising a Review of his Poetry; Sketches of the Rise and Progress of Methodism; with Notices of Contemporary Events and Characters. By the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON. Two Vols., 8vo.	18	0
An abridged Edition. Royal 18mo.	3	6
WESLEY (C.). The Journal of the Rev. Charles Wesley. With Selections from his Correspondence and Poetry, and an Introduction by the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON. Two Vols., royal 18mo.	7	0
WESLEY (J.). The Life of the Rev. John Wesley. To which are subjoined, Observations on "SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF WESLEY." By the Rev. RICHARD WATSON. 8vo.	6	0
WESLEY (J.). The Life of the Rev. John Wesley. By the Rev. RICHARD WATSON. Royal 18mo. . . .	3	6
WESLEY (J.). The Journals of the Rev. John Wesley. Four Vols., 8vo.	24	0
Four Vols., 12mo.	14	0
YOUTHFUL PIETY; being brief Memorials of Twenty-seven Children of Wesleyan Ministers. 18mo.	1	6

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

	s.	d.
BALL (H.). Memoirs of Miss Hannah Ball. 12mo.	2	6
BENTLEY (S.). The Living Sacrifice. A Biographical Notice of Sarah Bentley, of York. By the Rev. JOHN LYTH. 18mo.	1	0
CARGILL (MRS.). Memoirs of Mrs. Margaret Cargill. Including Notices of the Progress of Christianity in Tonga and Feejee. By her Husband, the Rev. DAVID CARGILL, A.M. 18mo.	2	6
CARR (MRS.). Memoir of Mrs. Richard Carr, of Birmingham. By the late Rev. JACOB STANLEY. 18mo.	1	6
COOPER (MRS.). Memoirs of Mrs. Mary Cooper. By the Rev. ADAM CLARKE, LL.D. 18mo. . .	2	0
CRYER (MRS.). Holy Living; exemplified in the Life of Mrs. Mary Cryer, Wife of the Rev. Thomas Cryer, Wesleyan Missionary in India. By the Rev. ALFRED BARRETT. 12mo.	4	0
FISHWICK (MISS). Memorials of Miss Mary Fishwick. With an Introduction by the Rev. PETER M'OWAN. 18mo.	1	6
Ditto, with gilt edges and a Portrait . . .	2	0
FLETCHER (MRS.). The Life of Mrs. Fletcher. By the Rev. HENRY MOORE. 12mo., cambric . .	3	6
FOSTER (MRS.). Memoirs of Mrs. Eliza Ann Foster, Wife of the Rev. H. B. Foster, Wesleyan Missionary, Jamaica. 18mo.	2	0
GEORGE (E.). Memoirs of Elizabeth George. By the Rev. HENRY J. PIGGOTT, B.A. Royal 18mo. .	3	0
GREEVES (MISS). Maria's Legacy. A Memoir of Miss Greeves. By her Brother, the Rev. J. GREEVES. 18mo.	1	6
MAXWELL (LADY). The Life of Darcy, Lady Maxwell. By the Rev. WILLIAM ATHERTON. With *Selections* from her Diary and Correspondence, by the *Rev. J. Gilchrist* WILSON, M.A. Crown 8vo. . .	3	6

MITCHELL (MRS.). Memoir of Mrs. E. K. Mitchell. By her Husband, the Rev. J. MITCHELL. 18mo. . s. 1 d. 6

MORTIMER (MRS.). Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Mortimer. By Mrs. BULMER. Fourth Edition. 18mo. 2 6

ROGERS (MRS.). The Experience and Spiritual Letters of Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers. 18mo. . . 1 6

ROGERS (MRS.). Extracts from the Journal of Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers. 18mo. 1 6

ROGERS (MRS.). The Experience, Letters, and Journal of Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers. In One Vol., 18mo., roan, embossed, gilt edges 3 6

MISCELLANEOUS.

ABBOTT (J.). The Young Christian; or, a Familiar Illustration of Christian Duty. By JACOB ABBOTT. Edited by the Rev. D. WALTON. 18mo. . . 2 6

BARRETT (A.). The Ministry and Polity of the Christian Church: Viewed in their Scriptural and Theological Aspects, and in relation to the Principles professed by the Wesleyan Body. By the Rev. ALFRED BARRETT. Crown 8vo. 3 6

CUBITT (G.). Memorable Men and Memorable Events.
COLUMBUS; or, the Discovery of America.
CORTES; or, the Discovery and Conquest of Mexico.
GRANADA; or, the Expulsion of the Moors from Spain.
PIZARRO; or, the Discovery and Conquest of Peru.
By the Rev. G. CUBITT. 18mo. . . . each 1 0

ELLIOTT (C.). Delineation of Roman Catholicism, drawn from the authentic and acknowledged Standards of the Church of Rome: in which her peculiar Doctrines, Morals, and Usages are stated, treated at large, and confuted. By the Rev. CHARLES ELLIOTT, D.D. With Recommendatory Preface by Dr. HANNAH. Imperial 8vo. 10 0

GRINDROD (E.). A Compendium of the Laws and Regulations of Wesleyan Methodism. By the Rev. EDMUND GRINDROD. 12mo. 6 0

HAY (D.). A Father's Religious Counsels, addressed to his Son at School. By the Rev. DAVID HAY. 18mo. 1 0

HAY (D.). Domestic Servants: their Interests and Duties. By the Rev. DAVID HAY. 18mo. . . s. 0 d. 10

HAY (D.). Home: or, the Way to make Home Happy. By the Rev. DAVID HAY. With an Introduction by the Rev. ALFRED BARRETT. 18mo., gilt edges . . 1 6

HUSTON (R.). Letters on the Distinguishing Excellencies of Remarkable Scripture Personages. By the Rev. ROBERT HUSTON. 18mo. 1 6

KIRK (J.). Original Titles of the Hymns sung in the Wesleyan-Methodist Congregations, and Names of the Authors. By the Rev. JOHN KIRK. Foolscap 8vo. 1 0

LEPPINGTON (J. C.). The Confessional in the Church of England, and other Essays on the Anglican Controversy. By the Rev. J. C. LEPPINGTON. Royal 18mo. . 2 0

MAUNDER (G.). Eminent Christian Philanthropists. Brief Biographical Sketches, designed especially as Studies for the Young. By the Rev. GEORGE MAUNDER. Royal 18mo. 2 6

This Volume contains Biographical Sketches of

John Howard.	Granville Sharp.	David Nasmith.
Edward Colston.	Thomas Clarkson.	Elizabeth Fry.
Jonas Hanway.	W. Wilberforce.	Thomas F. Buxton.
Richard Reynolds.	J. Butterworth.	Sarah Martin.
Robert Raikes.	William Allen.	

PRAYERS FOR THE USE OF CHRISTIAN FAMILIES. By several Ministers. 8vo., cambric . 6 0

Ditto, 12mo., cambric 4 0

RULE (W. H.). Celebrated Jesuits. By the Rev. WILLIAM H. RULE, D.D. Containing—

A JESUIT SAINT.—St. Francis Xavier.
A JESUIT DOCTOR.—James Laynez.
A JESUIT REGICIDE.—Henry Garnet.
A JESUIT CARDINAL.—Robert Bellarmine.
A JESUIT MANDARIN.—John Adam Schall.
A JESUIT REFUGEE.—Gabriel Gruber, General of the Jesuits in Russia.

In Two Volumes, 18mo. 6 0

*** The Work is also published in Six Parts, each a distinct Biography, Price 1*s.*

RULE (W. H.). Martyrs of the Reformation. Being a History of the Persecutions and Cruelties suffered by *Protestant* Martyrs and Confessors. By the Rev. W. H. RULE, D.D. 8vo. 8

RULE (W. H.). The Third Crusade. Richard I.: With the Affairs of Henry II. and Thomas Becket. By the Rev. W. H. RULE, D.D. Crown 8vo. . . s. 3 d. 6

RULE (W. H.). Fall of the Greek Empire. Mohammed II., Conqueror of Constantinople. By the Rev. W. H. RULE, D.D. Crown 8vo. . . . 2 6

RULE (W. H.). Dawn of the Reformation. Savonarola: With Events of the Reign of Pope Alexander VI. By the Rev. W. H. RULE, D.D. Crown 8vo. . 3 0

RULE (W. H.). Spirit of the Reformation. Melancthon, Theologian of Protestant Germany. By the Rev. W. H. RULE, D.D. Crown 8vo. . . 3 0

WALKER (T. H.). Which is Best? or, Cottage Sketches from Real Life. By the Rev. T. H. WALKER. Royal 18mo. 2 6

WALKER (T. H.). Gems of Piety in Humble Life. By the Rev. T. H. WALKER. Royal 18mo. . . 3 0

WATSON (R.). Conversations for the Young. Designed to promote the Profitable reading of the Holy Scriptures. Royal 18mo. 3 6

WESLEYAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL TUNE-BOOK: containing Tunes and Pieces suited to every Variety of Metre in the New Wesleyan Sunday-School Hymn-Book 2 0
Ditto, Cape Morocco, gilt edges 4 6

WILLIAMS (H. W.). The Incarnate Son of God; or, the History of the Life and Ministry of the Redeemer. By the Rev. HENRY W. WILLIAMS. Crown 8vo. . 4 0

WILSON (J. G.). Facts and Incidents Illustrative of the Scripture Doctrines as set forth in the First and Second Catechisms of the Wesleyan Methodists. By the Rev. J. GILCHRIST WILSON, M.A. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 3 6

YOUNG (R.). The Southern World. Journal of a Deputation from the Wesleyan Conference to Australia and Tasmania: including Notices of the Gold-Fields. By the Rev. ROBERT YOUNG. Royal 18mo. . . 2 6

YOUNG (R.). The Southern World. Journal of a Deputation from the Wesleyan Conference to New-Zealand and Polynesia. By the Rev. ROBERT YOUNG. . 2 6

Oxford Bible, and Wesley's Hymns with Supplement; bound together.

ROYAL 24mo. Pearl Type.	s.	d.	CROWN 8vo. Ruby Type. WITH MARGINAL REFERENCES.	s.	d.
Roan, embossed, gilt edges	6	0			
Coloured calf, gilt edges ...	7	0	Coloured calf, gilt edges...	14	6
Morocco, gilt edges	8	0	Morocco, gilt edges	15	6
Morocco, elegant, gilt edges	9	6	Morocco, elegant, gilt edges	18	0
Clasps and Cases are charged extra as below.					
Silver jointed clasp	6	6	Silver jointed clasp	9	0
Gilt jointed clasp	4	0	Gilt jointed clasp	4	6
Gilt jointed clasp, and gilt rims round the binding	10	0	Gilt jointed clasp, and gilt rims round the binding	12	6
Roan case, with tuck	2	0	Roan case, with tuck	3	0
Morocco case, with tuck...	3	0	Morocco case, with tuck...	4	6

Oxford Bible, with Marginal References, 16mo., Diamond Type, and Wesley's Hymns and Supplement, bound together.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Coloured calf, gilt edges...	8	6	Morocco, elegant, gilt edges	12	0
Morocco, gilt edges	9	6			
Clasps and Cases are charged extra as below.					
Silver jointed clasp	6	6	Roan case, with tuck	2	0
Gilt jointed clasp	4	0	Morocco case, with tuck...	3	0
Gilt jointed clasp, and gilt rims round the binding	10	0			

The Bible and Hymn-Book, with Supplement, bound together, form a neat Pocket Volume not more than one inch in thickness.

Oxford Bible, with Marginal References, the Common Prayer-Book of the Church of England, and Wesley's Hymns, with Supplement, bound together. Crown 8vo. Ruby Type.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Coloured calf, gilt edges	0	18	6	Morocco, elegant, gilt edges	1	2	0
Morocco, gilt edges	1	0	0				
Clasps and Cases are charged extra as below.							
Silver jointed clasp	0	9	0	Roan case, with tuck ...	0	3	0
Gilt jointed clasp	0	4	6	Morocco case, with tuck	0	4	6
Gilt jointed clasp, and gilt rims round the binding	0	12	6				

New Testament. 18mo. With Notes by the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, A.M., and Hymn-Book, with Supplement, bound together.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Roan, embossed, gilt edges	8	0	Morocco, gilt edges	10	6
Coloured calf, gilt edges...	9	0	Morocco, elegant, gilt edges	13	6

Extra for Roan case ..... 2s.